

A STOLEN DAY

By Harriet Clay Penman.

HE watched intently the tall figure dis-
appearing in the door of the parlor
car. It is not often vouchsafed to
man to see, in the dull dawn of a
March day, at a way station, a lady
traveling unattended and wearing a long Empire
coat lined with ermine. But it was not the
sumptuous garment which fastened his gaze,
rather the frank look from the sombre eyes as
she passed.

Later he absently besought the porter to give
him a seat next hers, and was strangely fretted
until the train pulled out and he found that the
car had but two occupants, and he might sit
where he would and catch glimpses of the face
beneath the gray hat.

She soon removed it and hung it with the
ermine-lined coat, and he felt an unreasonable
sense of satisfaction in the revelation of a gray
gown of some soft, clinging material.

"I have always liked women who wore gray,"
he reflected, and, looking towards the nimbus
of brown hair above the chair, wore pleasant
fancies as the train wound up the mountain.

It was a region where the rains had descend-
ed and the floods had come to the deluge point,
and the landscape bore ominous scars from the
conflict. His solitary companion up the aisle
turned to look back at a wrecked bridge, and he
caught again that calm, level glance from the
unsmiling eyes. It gave him an odd idea of the
intimacy of thought that may exist between two
strangers and he hungered for another, but she
fell to reading a little red book, and he began
restless peregrinations to the smoking compart-
ment. It afforded him a sensation in which sur-
prise and wonder were mingled to see above her
ear a lock of hair which had many threads of
gray. It added a singular note to a face which
was still young.

Finally the train stopped and remained so long
that she roused from absorption in her book and
looked out along the precipice, close to which the
train lay. Instead of annoyance at the delay, her
face bore a well-defined expression of relief and
satisfaction, and the man who watched it mar-
veled exceedingly.

An hour passed, and then he caught another
glance from the blue-gray eyes. He sprang to
his feet and walked directly to her side.

"I can't help it if you snub me and call the
porter and the conductor and all the fellows on
the train," he exclaimed, "I've got to speak to
you."

But here she broke in, a faint smile lighting
the shadow on her face. "Why didn't you come
before? Do you know, if you hadn't spoken to
me very soon, I should have been tempted to
break a window or make some violent demon-
stration which would have demanded attention?"

The man almost gasped, and she continued, as
if reading his thought:
"Yes, I know it is unconventional. Possibly
you are wondering whether I am in the habit
of going to and fro on the earth talking with
strange men without an introduction. I shall
not explain; the day is too brief. It is my only
day."

"I am too happy to be allowed to speak to
you at all," he stammered, an eager glow in his
eyes. "I wanted to follow you into the train
and sit right in this chair next yours, but I
didn't quite dare, although I'll dare do most
things to get what I want."

"I know," she said softly, adding in a matter-
of-fact tone: "Now, I do not intend to kid-
nap you. I have no sort of designs upon you, but
I wanted you to talk to me, and here you are,
so proceed," and she nestled back with a sigh
of content.

He drew the chair round where they could
both look down the gorge and leaned forward so
that the clear profile of his companion was
carved against the velvet background for his de-
lectation. Beneath that gaze, bold yet tender,
she stirred uneasily.

"What a lot of time I've wasted," he com-
plained, as if to himself.
"Yes, haven't we?" she said, and his heart
gave an extra throb. "It is so stupid when the
world is a little car with only two people in it
and they sit at opposite ends and grieve at each
other. You were so slow in coming and the
day is so brief."

"Again the allusion to the brevity of the day,
and he said wonderingly—
"But there are other days."

"Oh, no," she answered gravely, "not for me.
They are for others. This is all my day in the
wide world. Please talk to me, I am waiting;
and sit forward where I can see your face. I am
glad you are so good to look at."

Again he felt utterly bewildered. This was
certainly a new experience. He was not ignorant
of his advantages in the way of appearance, but
he was not accustomed to hearing them discussed
with so much candor.

"I cannot talk," he declared helplessly. "The
words I want to say I dare not speak."

"Say the words you dare not speak," she urged
gently. "They are what I wait to hear on this
my day."

"How can I do what you ask?" he demanded
as in desperation, after a little silence. "How
dare I tell you that every time I passed I wanted
to touch your hair? Great Heaven! what is
woven in that soft, cloudy blur against a wo-
man's temples that so drives a man's wits from
his head? How dare I tell you that more than
ever I wanted anything in my life I wanted to
touch your hair?"

"Yes, yes!" she half whispered, her eyes al-

most closed, the dark lashes shading her cheek.
"Go on. More than ever I wanted anything in
my life, I want to hear your voice."

The man had a voice deep and rich and beau-
tiful. He did not know what tones of adored
beauty it took on as he murmured almost inco-
herently:
"I want to touch your hand, my Lady of the
Sweetest Eyes! I want to feel if your pulses will
beat just a little more swiftly and whether there
will come a flush to your cheek as the blood
takes a quickened leap."

The lashes quivered under his burning glance.
"I want to kiss your eyes," went on the im-
passioned tone; "I don't think I ever cared to
kiss the eyes of any other woman. I do not
think any other woman has such white lids, with
the blue veins running like lace into the shadow
of her hair."

He leaned closer, and some of the curling ten-
drits brushed his face. "My God!" he exclaimed
"what have you done to me? I feel as if the
old legend of Lilith were indeed true, and that
about my heart a single hair is tightening to
check the tide of life. And only this morning,"
he asserted to the blighted tree outside the
window, "I did not know this woman lived!"

"You were so late in coming," she said, "and
then to have you but a little day—and to think
you did not know me!"

"Know you! When? where?" he demanded
wildly.
"I do not remember," she answered in a weary
tone. "I have not time to remember, but I
think it was in some other star. I knew you as
soon as I saw you this morning, but you were
so long in coming to me."

"But I thought—you do not look like a wo-
man to whom a stranger might speak," he said
eagerly.

"And you do not look like a man who would
intrude upon a stranger," she replied; "and yet
you had to speak to me, you couldn't help it. I
told you I am not to be thwarted!" and she
changed her position to look more directly into his
face.

"I have this one day, and it is mine by right.
I have been in a prison for thirty years, and my
sentence may possibly, if not probably, be thirty
years longer. Then I shall be an old woman. Oh,
yes, I shall live to be very old. We do that,
and I have never been ill in my life. Nothing
hurts me, or I should have been dead ten
years. But I shall be an old woman, and there
will be no dark eyes on earth to speak to mine
as yours speak now. When I am sixty you will
not see me in the throng, and you will not care
whether my pulses leap at your words. This is
my day. All the other days have been like that
dreary stretch of snowy landscape, with its broken
bridges and ruin on every side."

"But, oh," he interrupted, "surely you will
not slip away from me at this journey's end,
where I may not see you ever again? There are
so many days before you are sixty—for you and
for me. I do not mean to lose you now—that I
swear!" a triumphant ring in his tones.

"And I swear," she said solemnly and rever-
ently, an uplifted hand staying his impetuous
words, "that this is our only day—yours and
mine. Do you suppose," she asked with sudden
fierceness, "that I should have imperiled all fu-
ture bliss if there had been a future for you and
me? Do you fancy for a moment that I should
have encouraged a stranger to come to me and
should have permitted him to say what you have
said if there were to be a to-morrow? Ah, no!
I realize too well what such a man as you—a
man who has surely been beloved by many wo-
men—would think of me in the to-morrows if
they were to exist for us. It is because I shall
step out of your existence when this day is done
that I am coming into it now. It is because I
shall never hear them again that I long to hear
your words now. To you it is but an incident;
to me it is a rosary of memory whose beads I
shall count through all my lonely to-morrows." Then
she turned her face away and said pleadingly:
"Speak to me again. Say something that I may
may treasure on my rosary."

"Oh," he cried, "the thread of your rosary is
drawing closer and closer about my heart and
you hold it in your grasp. See,"—lifting his
hand, strong and fine, with sensitive finger-tips—
"see the veins swelling like whipcords. You do
not know what chaos your words produce in the
mind of a man who is so much alive as I am."

A flush rose to his brow. "I am filled with
just one big longing," he exclaimed—"to have
you in my arms, to lay your head against my
breast! I wonder," he said, bending to look
deep into her eyes, "if you would ever come to
touch me lightly with your hand, to pass it over
my brow, where a pulse throbs so fast just now
—ah—"

"Would I not!" she broke in. "Oh, I could
be so sweet to you—so gentle, so tender! but it
is not permitted on this our day. All we can do
is to look out of the window and speak about
the tangle of telegraph wires yonder across the
river. How like Orpheus's hair they are—poor,
disheveled wires! and the stranded engine on
the bit of track whose beginning and ending is
the torrent—how gloriously majestic it seems in
its helplessness! You can speak to me and tell
me thoughts which thrill my very soul, but, ah,
my friend, whose name I do not even know, it
is not written that I shall ever be enfolded in
any man's embrace."

The train started with many noisy protests
and moved laboriously up the heavy grade.

"Ah, if it would but go more slowly!" she
sighed, and he blessed her ardently for the words.

As the moments passed she made him sit a lit-

tle removed, where she could watch his face in
the varying light.

"I must look at it well," she said, for it is
the cross of my fair rosary, and I shall long for
a sight of it so often and often when the rosary
will be all that is left to me."

It was an unusual face upon which she gazed:
smoothly shaven and with a noble curve of brow
where much dark hair clustered, a proud mouth,
and a jaw powerful in its lines—a face, indeed,
to gladden the heart of any woman. The eyes,
well opened and clear, while ordinarily cold,
now blazed with a fire which brought an answer-
ing glow to her cheek.

"I am glad you are so good to look at," she re-
peated "so tall and strong and masterful. You
are just what I would have you. Isn't it a heav-
enly dispensation that sent a flood to keep people
from taking this train?" she added irrelevantly.

"Oh my Lady of the Sweet Eyes! it is, it is,"
he groaned; "but I declare to you if it weren't
for that rascally porter who is always popping in
and out, you couldn't keep me over here
across the aisle on any pretext of studying my
raving beauty. I wish he would tumble through
a bridge!"—the last remark delivered with a fer-
ocity of expression that sent dimples round the
mouth of his listener.

"There used to be tunnels on this blessed

In the brief interval when they were alone
from the too attentive service he said in an un-
steady tone, "It is like the beginning of a wed-
ding journey"—but she started from her seat
with a look so weighted with terror that he
never completed the sentence. She had grown
white like that when he had spoken admiringly
of the silver gleam in the hair above her right
temple.

Later she begged him to talk of himself, his
hopes and ambitions. He told her of earlier
struggles, an obstinate fight with fate, and his
ultimate triumph. She gazed at him with pride.
He spoke humbly, she thought, for one who was
a success in a world of so many failures. She
would not talk of herself, only that she was de-
termined to have this one day, since no other
had ever been hers.

"You would want one day if you had been
shut up in four walls all your life," she said pa-
thetically; "and you would not have all the sun-
shine in your face that gleams there now."

As she spoke a sudden darkness settled down
upon them, and she caught a last tender, exultant
look.

"It was long in coming," he said, "but this is
worth the waiting;" and he gathered her close
and touched her hair, and she felt his hot kisses
on her shut lids—always her eyes and brow;



THE WOMAN CLUNG MORE CLOSELY TO HER COMPANION AS THE FEMALE TIDE CURED
HIGHER.

but with a swift movement she drew his face
down and let her soft lips find his.
"You said you could be sweet to me," the
music of the deep tones sang in her ear, "but,
oh Heaven above, I never knew there was so
sweet a woman in the world!"—Then there
came a tumultuous sound which was not the
rumbling roar of the tunnel, and reverberating
from the rock-bound arches were mingled cries
and shouts and curses.

He held her fast, while in the thick night a
madened voice screamed:
"Another dam has broken and the tunnel is
flooding from the front. It's all up with us, for
the water has stopped the fires and the engine
can't reverse!"

The two occupants of the parlor coach rushed
to the rear door. Already their chance of es-
cape was cut off, if, indeed, there had been any
hope from the first. The water was over the
platform. They clambered upon chairs, and the
man wrapped the fur cloak about the form that
leaned against his breast. His fingers pressed
her eyelids.

"You are not crying, oh my sweetheart?" he
asked. Life beat strong in his veins, and he to
drowned like a rat in a trap was horrible,
loathly.

"(rying? ah, no!" she answered; "touch my
lips and feel the smile that will be there while
breath lasts. I did not think I should smile un-
til I died when I said this morning that I should
live to be a very old woman. I did not think
God would be so good. But now there will be
no horrible to-morrow for me with its dreadful

instead of tipping his hat, as any acquaintance
would usually, he should have made signals of
distress to apprise them of his predicament.

"Though they cannot be so blanked dull as to
suppose that it is for the fun of it that I go
sailing up and down the street like a confounded,
three-cornered Chinese flying-machine!" he ex-
claimed, feeling that they were somehow answer-
able for the erratic movements of his steed.

With a stern face he made a long run to "take
the tantrums out of her," but she still refused
to obey. He leaned back in a cold despair, ready
for anything.

"The imposing mansion was in commotion—cabs,
conveyances arriving. They made way for him in
haste—agitation, impatience, anger in the very
air. From the open hall his best man beckoned
wildly as he swept past, as if he could if he
would!"

Uncontrollable mirth seized him. "Here I go
up, up, up! Here I come down, down, down! Go-
Tata, old man," he sung out, "see you later!
I'm out for a ride—my wedding trip! Here's
display—for you! See-saw! Ha! ha!" he laughed
in nervous hilarity till the tears ran down his
cheeks.

The laugh trailed back to incensed, indignant
ears.

"The infernal puppy!" papa raged in the pri-
vacy of the bride's boudoir, whence, surrounded
by her maidens, she had viewed the oscillations
of the groom with amazement. "This is his re-
venge for having to give in to a decent wedding!
'Didn't like display!—wanted something quiet
and private.' Looks like it, parading himself like
a monkey on a hand organ!"

awakening. Touch my lips, dear, and feel the
smile you cannot see."

Then a thought smote her heart with terror.
"But you—ah, you—with no horror awaiting
you in life, for you are sweet, and I would save
yourself, you are so strong. Promise me that if
there is the slightest chance you will not let me
hinder you. Let me go now—it can only be a
moment or two longer at the most, and maybe,"
—a little sob in her throat—"maybe I shall cling
to you at the very last, because they say it is
hard to gasp for breath when one's pulses are
full of life, and perhaps I shall not know that
I am clinging—promise me that if a chance
comes you will save yourself!" she almost shrieked
above the deafening roar of the water.

"Listen to me!" he said hurriedly. "I believe
there is no chance for either of us, but somehow
I don't care, if life means to us, without you,
living or dead. In the instant that is left, hear
me. I shall not leave you ever. I shall hold
you as long as my strength lasts. You have
given me the happiest day of my life; the night
comes, but I shall have you in my arms."

The closed car had resisted the flood at first,
but now it rushed in with a horrible, muffled
surging, rising like a wave until it swept about
their feet and chilled them to the bone. Out-
side, vast cakes of ice pounded at the windows.
There were no lights anywhere, no sounds but of
the water.

The woman clung more closely to her com-
panion. He lifted her to the back of the chair
as the fearful tide climbed higher. It was now
as if he were clinging to her, but still he held her
lips against his own and said, "Ah, but you are
sweet as you told me you could be!"

The moment came swiftly when they knew it
was time for the farewells to be said, for they
were both fast losing grasp on life, and heart to
heart the words were spoken, solemnly, ten-
derly.

"I do not regret my day," she said, as he held
her higher that she might breathe an instant
longer in the stifling air before the flood in-
gulfed them; and he echoed, "Neither do I re-
gret mine—and so, dear heart, good-night!"

Then it was that she made a supreme effort
and flung herself down that he might not lose
the last faint little chance of his life because
of her clinging hands. With a hoarse cry of
agonies he plunged after her, groping blindly in
the darkness. When he came to the surface it
was to clutch the chandelier rod and to have
again in his arms the drowning woman, who
would have given her life for his. But so rapid-
ly do the comedies of earth follow the tragedies,
that it was at this moment the heavy cable
which a canny brakeman had unwound from the
parlor car as he ran began to do its work.
Hastening out before the full meaning of the
catastrophe had been realized by the ill-fated oc-
cupants of the train, he had cried the alarm, and
stout engines behind and beyond the fury of the
flood, now were dragging it to a position of
safety.

When the two in the last car were released
from their peril, both were too much exhausted
to feel any particular interest in the subsequent
proceedings, which included very heroic treat-
ment from the natives in the vicinity of the dis-
aster.

The next day the man, in spite of his power-
ful frame and splendid health, was raving in a
fever with indications of pneumonia. The lady
in gray looked well to his comfort, engaged
nurses, and—left him to go on her way. When
he came out of delirium, three days later, he
cursed, by all his gods, the nurses, the doctors,
the natives, and the railway officials for allow-
ing her to depart. One venturesome person en-
deavored to arouse some sense of self-respect in
the patient's breast by suggesting that he him-
self would scarcely make such a row over some-
body who apparently was not enough interested
to stay, when he had saved her life by clinging
to the roof of a car like a bat. But the violence
with which this intimation was received did not
tend to speedy recovery, and it was not until the
doctors allowed him to see a letter which had
been left for him that he suddenly became as
peaceable as a lamb.

The letter ran thus:

"My Galahad! In leaving you, I leave all that
life has for me. I think will disillusion you
to find that I go when you are too ill to know it,
but this is best, even if it is the hardest task I
ever had, and I have had many."

"Do not seek me out; it will be useless. I shall
know that you are getting well. I shall
always have the rosary, for I have had my day.
You are the noblest, tenderest heart in the
world, my Galahad, and so. Good-by."

Of course, he did try to seek her out. The
man's nature was stirred to its foundations, and
he was so wretchedly unhappy that the only re-
lief was in hoping for a glimpse of her face. He
haunted the railway stations, and many were
the indiscreet catechisms which the officials un-
derwent. Finally, one day it was the ermine-
lined coat that gave him a clue.

Moping miserably at the club, months after the
incident which had changed his views of
life, he started out with the thought of calling
him, a fashionable up-town home where a welcome
always awaited him. It was here that the clue
was afforded by one who would never intention-
ally have rendered such a service.

Beautiful and a widow, Mrs. Alling would
rather have had a careless glance from this
man's eyes than rows of adoration from another.
"You look as if you had something on your
mind," she said after the greetings, which were
rather effusive on her part because of his long

"But—uh, papa, maybe, the m-m-machine
won't stop!" sobbed the bride.

"Won't fiddlesticks! As if such a thing could
happen to him! It's his boast that he knows it
and can manage it better than the man that
made it! No! it's his impudence! and he'll rue
it! The wedding can proceed without his pres-
ence. Let him spread himself all over town if
he pleases! I've never been satisfied with him,
I—"

"Oh papa!" and "James, what can you mean!"
bride and mother cried in a breath.

"I mean the wedding shall go on—that Hen-
derson Field shall take his place! I'll phone for
him this minute!—no, I won't hear a word!" He
threw out his hands, waving them off. "I've al-
ways preferred Henderson to that imbecile! The
unmitigated fool—the!"

"Yes, sir! the unmitigated fool! that would
like to whip another unmitigated fool this mi-
nute!" and the panting, perspiring groom, who had
burst in, shook his fist at the world in general
and papa-in-law in particular.

"Sir, I demand—"

"Come, come!" the best man interfered pleas-
antly, strangling a laugh, "it's only a half hour
past time. Do the crowd at the church good to
wait a little. All's well that ends well."

Mamma, maidens, and best man set to work
oiling the troubled waters, smoothing ruffled plu-
mage, and in due time the finale was reached
with all the pomp and ceremony demanded by
the strictest devotee of fashion—but not without
an occasional stifled giggle from some hysterical
upland guest.

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absence. She was too clever to complain of his
defection.

"I haven't," he returned indifferently; "I am
so sure that there is such a thing as mind." She
knew his obstinate moods and remarked
lightly: "I dare say we recognize it chiefly
from its absence. I saw a woman to-day, how-
ever, who must have understood the nature of
mind. She had a father with too much, a moth-
er-in-law with the wrong kind, and a husband
with none at all."

The man opposite the lamp looked bored, but
his hostess went on, with the intention of lead-
ing the conversation into a personal channel:

"She was my friend once—a long time ago, in
school. After she left I saw little of her, and
she had an old, crabbed father, who did not
make home pleasant for his daughter nor her
guests. She was a shy girl with a sensitive soul,
and that father of hers was as impossibly un-
pleasant as Magda's," only worse. He had a
mania for blood—in the way of ancestry, and he
made the child marry a little nonentity who
had some wonderful Saxon lineage. Why didn't
she rebel? Oh, you never saw her father. He
used to go into some sort of a blue fit when he
was crossed, and then her mother, a poor, weak
soul, would get one of another kind, and the
girl simply couldn't stand it."

"Well, the bridegroom went stark, raving mad
on the afternoon of the wedding, as they started
on their bridal journey. It was a way his old
family had—going mad sooner or later. I be-
lieve it was awful. They were in a private car,
which was side-tracked at some junction to be
attached to another train. She was alone with
him, and nobody ever knew the details except
that there had been a quarrel, but the porter
found him trying to kill her with a little Spanish
dagger which she used as a paper-cutter. She
had a white lock in her hair ever since. Why,
what's the matter, Bertie?"

"Oh, nothing," the man replied, "only a pre-
monitory twinge of the fearful headaches I get
lately." He withdrew from the crimson glare of
the lamp.

"What happened next?" he asked in a con-
strained tone.

"They whisked him off to a retreat. That
was ten years ago, and will you believe it, the
foolish creature goes every day of her life to see
him, just as if she had loved him? He chases
her out of the room too. Why under the sun
she does it is only conjectured. Some say she
has remorseful notions that if she had not irri-
tated him in the quarrel that day of the wed-
ding he would not have lost his mind, and then
too she lives in the same house with his mother,
who keeps up every morbid tenderness the poor
girl ever had with her pratings about duty and
atonement. She has beautiful clothes and lots
of money, but she has always been the most
unhappy-looking creature until to-day; I thought
she seemed different—yesterday, somehow. That
was what made me think to tell you all this:
seeing her so unexpectedly beaming, and you,
who have always been so jolly, looking as if you
had been arrested for robbing a bank."

"Some women," she continued meditatively,
"wouldn't mind having a mad husband, if he
could be put away where he couldn't bother, if
they might also have ermine-lined cloaks, such
as the sometimes wears."

The man, who had been walking nervously
about the room, turned abruptly. "What did
you say her name was?" he demanded in a tone
so unsteady that Mrs. Alling, busy with the tea-
things, put down a cup and looked at him cu-
riously. Something she saw in his face affected
her carefully controlled nerves.

"I didn't say," she replied after a little hesi-
tation. "Come and have some tea." But with
the briefest excuses, her companion hastened
out, a smile of triumph in his eyes.

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Sportsmen Now Invading Mexico

HERE are no game laws in Mexico,
with the exception of two or three
States, and even where they exist
there is great laxity in their enforce-
ment.

The game of Mexico has up to within the
very recent past received abundant protection
on account of the very high price of ammu-
nition, and the fact that the large land owners
only give permission to hunt on their lands in
exceptional cases.

Unfortunately the fish are not so protected.
Through the interior streams and lakes of the
republic there are few fish that will take the
hook, but along the coast, and in the harbors,
is found some of the finest sea and brackish wa-
ter fishing that exists in the world.

Tarpon, sea bass and many other varieties of
game fish are abundant. These waters are
federal property, and there are no restrictions to
fishing in them with the single exception that
the dynamiting of fish is strictly prohibited.
Here is where the "fish hog" is getting in his
work.

Some United States sportsmen have appeared
on the scene within the last year, with an idea
of making a record, with poles but slightly smaller
than telegraph poles, reels that would do for
lifting a moderate anchor, and as some of them
confess, of a size to catch sharks in case they
happen to hook one, double lines and a pistol to
shoot the fish when it comes within range.

They have tried to see how many fish they
can slaughter. The true sportsman never at-
tempts to make a record in slaughter. He is
an artist, and his ambition is, with the lightest
line and smallest hooks, to endeavor to secure
as much sport as possible from the killing of
his fish by skill in the handling of delicate ap-
paratus, just as the same man in hunting birds
uses a 12 to 16 more instead of an eight bore
or swivel gun.

A large majority of the nimrods who go to
Mexico from the north are both gentlemen and
sportsmen, and in order that Mexico may con-
tinue to receive their visits it is necessary that
game and fish should be preserved.

There is no feeling against gentlemen sports-
men; on the contrary, a sentiment of kindest
welcome to all of them who go to sojourn
there. It is only the game and fish "hog," the
record hunter and the indiscriminate slaughterer
for slaughter's sake that natives set arrive with
sorrow and whose departure gives pleasure.

Smelling for a Living

HERE are several trades which provide
men and woman with good livings
simply because they enjoy an excep-
tionally keen sense of smell.

Scent-makers, for example, need
someone with a very delicate sense of
smell to aid them in mixing the ingredients of
perfumes in the proper proportions. Queen Alex-
andra's favorite perfume—violet—costs \$50 per
ounce-bottle, and it has to run the gamut of
five professional "smellers"